

The TALE of the
RAVEN
AND THE
BLACKBIRD.

By the Author of the *Blackbird's Song*.

— *Si monitis tardas adverteret aures,
Heu referet quanto verba dolere mea!*



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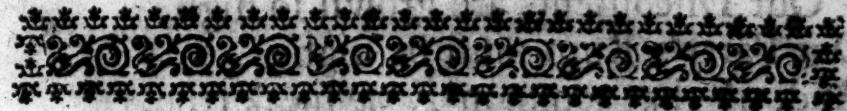
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This is a heavily damaged, high-contrast black and white image. It appears to be a scan of a document or photograph that has suffered significant physical damage. The image is mostly white with dark, mottled patterns that suggest a faint, large floral or leafy design. There are numerous dark, irregular spots and areas of discoloration across the entire surface. A prominent circular stamp is located near the top center, though its details are illegible due to the poor condition of the original. The overall texture is grainy and lacks sharpness.



The TALE of the
R A V E N
 AND THE
BLACKBIRD.

S on a Bough the *BLACKBIRD* sat,
 Mourning the Mannor's wretched state,
 A *RAVEN* from an aged Oak.
 Did thus in doleful Accents croak.

I've heard with Pleasure, and with Pain,
 How you, *good Bird*, did late complain ;
 And stand amaz'd, the thoughtless *Throng*,
 So ill regard your honest Song.

Your Notes were modest, plain and true,
 And, what was more, Impartial too ;
 And sure, if your *Design* should fail,
 No Notes for ever can prevail.

If the new Lord disdain to hear,
 Those pondrous *Truths* concern him near ;
 Too late, I fear, too late, alas !
 He'll see his own and our hard Case.

Our Discontents are grown so high,
 One Party's Ruin must be nigh;
 And, if that common *Fame* speak true,
 The chief Design is aim'd at You.

The Cuckows, Jays, the Daws, and Pies,
 Fill all the Groves and Springs with Lies,
 And flutter round from place to place,
 To bring your Tribe into disgrace.

In yonder Orchard, 't other Day,
 I heard a haughty Buzzard say,
 If we permit these Blackbirds long,
 For us at last they'll grow too strong:

Beside, do all we can, I fear,
 Their Notes will reach our Landlord's Ear;
 And should he chance to hear them sing,
 They'd us to Shame and Ruin bring.

Already this Sagacious Tribe,
 Have drawn the Peasants to their side,
 And in a little time will draw
 The Soldiers and the Men of Law.

Therefore we must a Way find out,
 To make these Songsters tack about,
 And if in that they won't comply,
 We must a COMPREHENSION try,

Something must speedily be done,
 They must not at this rate go on;

For

For if they do, the Case is plain,
We all shall lose our Posts again.

The late Attempt that has been made,
To regulate their *Canting Trade*,
Has but the more inflam'd their Notes,
And made them wider stretch their Throats.

Now ev'ry Bush, and ev'ry Tree,
Rings with their cursed Harmony ;
And all the *Tenants* round the *Mannour*,
Begin again to pay them Honour.

More he had said, but comes a Crow,
In mighty haste, to let him know,
The *Squire* and *Spouse* were both preparing,
To walk abroad and take an Airing.

Now give me leave, dear Bird, to ask,
(If it be no ungrateful Task)
What are your Thoughts? I'll tell you mine,
With *Frankness* and without *Design*.

The *Blackbird*, who had never yet
The *Raven* at a Conference met,
First paus'd a while, and then replies,
I false and flatt'ring Notes despise.

Let *Buzzards*, *Gulls* and *Owls* abuse
The *Stranger's* Ears with *Tales* and *News*,
And *Magpies*, *Kites*, and *Rooks* and *Daws*,
Perplex him, and prescribe him *Laws*.

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And

And let the *Bats* and Birds of Night,
 Persue us with their utmost Spight,
 And all the FACTIOUS BROOD agree,
 To Persecute my Tribe and me,

It shall be still my chief *Design*,
 Their WICKED ARTS to Countermine ;
 Still I'll go on to shew the Stranger,
 His own, and all the Mannor's Danger.

If he my humble Song reject,
 And his own Safety will neglect,
 This Satisfaction I shall have,
 I've done my part the *Grange* to save,

Those wicked Fowl about him ply,
 I know will all their Cunning try,
 That he may neither hear nor see,
 A Bird of *Truth* or *Honesty*.

They will, with their perpetual Noife,
 Drown ev'ry faithful *Blackbird's Voice*,
 And keep him clearly out of sight,
 From all that would inform him right.

He's so intirely in their Power,
 There's not a Day, nay, scarce an Hour,
 But some of these inspecting come,
 And hunt him round from Room to Room.

If by great chance a Bird is there,
 To whom the Mansion's Safety's dear,
They

They with tumultuous Outcries run,
Take care, my Lord, you'll be undone.

To hear these *High-frown'd Traytors* prate,
You run the Danger of your Fate ;
You must not to their Notes give ear,
Would you preserve your Quiet here.

On us you safely may depend,
'Tis we alone can you defend ;
We, only we, have Power and Skill,
You, and this Grange to guard from ill.

And thus he's frightened and cajol'd,
And has such dreadful Stories told,
That 'twould be 'nonsense to believe
He to his Friends should credit give.

At this the *Raven* gave a Groan,
And thus renews his doleful moan :
Unhappy's he whom *Jays* and *Pies*,
And *Rooks*, and *Owls*, and *Kites* advise.

And most unhappy sure is he,
Who cannot from their Claws get free ;
Tho' he to Demonstration knows,
That they by nature are his Foes.

But, not to carry things too far,
Some *Fowls* and *Birds* about him are,
That, I presume, do all they can,
To settle and preserve the *Man*.

But

But these, alas! are far too few,
To circumveat that furious Crew,
Who now in swarms infest the Dome,
And push our Ruin and their own.

To this the Bird made this Reply,
I will not what you say deny;
There may perhaps, be two or three,
That Virtue have and Probity.

But these are only kept for Show,
And little of their Secrets know;
Nor will they longer them endure,
Than they can make their Game secure.

The only thing that I admire,
These few don't quietly retire,
Before they are so far drawn in,
That they can ne'er get out again.

This is the only way they have,
Their Master and themselves to save,
And more, by doing this they'd do
Some Service to the Publick too.

When all the Groves and Springs shall see,
Birds fam'd for their Integrity,
Resign their Trusts and Posts of Honour,
Twill mightily alarm the Mennour.

Our

Our *Landlord* too when he shall view,
Himself alone amidst a *Crew*
 Of *Kites* and *Crows*, and Birds of *Prey*,
 Will hardly think it safe to stay.

As I was sitting in the *Grove*,
 I heard a *Finch* thus tell the *Dove*,
 That Things were hurry'd on so fast,
 He must be forc'd to quit at last.

I cannot bear (says he) to hear,
Peacocks and *Parrots* domineer,
 And *Cuckoos* without Sense or Shame,
 Dictate, and then *Revile* the D A M E.

Beside, our *Party* is so small,
 That they before 'em carry all,
 And whatsoever we propose,
 They slight, and it for Nothing goes.

Again I met him t'other Day,
 And he was further pleas'd to say,
 That things were manag'd with that Heat,
 He was determin'd to retreat.

That all their *Notions* were so mixt,
 And all their *Councils* so perplext,
 So dangerous and so uncommon,
 It was not safe to be among 'em.

I will retreat, (says he) before
 They've got me further in their Power,

Then ev'ry Wood and ev'ry Spring,
Shall with their vile Proposals ring.

They run so counter to all Law,
Their old and trusty Friends withdraw,
For tho' they dearly love the Cause,
They won't break in upon the Laws.

The Fowls and Birds of Wealth and Sense,
Are always cautious of Offence,
They'd share the Pow'r and Profit too,
But would not dang'rous Wars pursue.

Beside, they think they're not so plac'd,
But Things may change, and they disgrac'd,
Therefore between Extreams they fly,
Not much too Low, nor much too high.

Both Parties use them for their Tools.
And they make both the Parties Fools,
And keep it in their Power still,
To serve 'em well, or serve 'em ill.

Thus far the Finch, from whence 'tis clear,
What a strange mottled Brood is here,
Of various Size, and various Shape,
And Natures diff'rent as their Make.

But tho' they differ thus in Frame,
Yet still their Aims are all the same,
Pow'r and the Plunder of the Grange,
They all pursue, and cannot change.

For these they scratch and make a Pother,
 Chatter and peck at one another,
 For these new Stratagems invent:
Doubts, Jealousies and Fewds foment.

For let the Cause be what it will,
Int'rest and Power govern still,
 Pride and Revenge, and Thoughts to Rule,
 When they command, grow tame and cool.

'Tis true, Ambition often brings
 Confusion to the Groves and Springs,
 Nor has Revenge, Envy and Pride,
 Unactive been on either Side.

Much Mischief has by them been done,
 But still twas Int'rest led 'em on ;
 They are but Hand-maids in the Trade,
 And for their Mischief must be paid.

Oh, says the *Raven*, this is true,
 The greater our Misfortune too,
 And if they thus our Lord surround,
 They'll him and all he has confound.

But sure 'twill not be long before
 He'll see how they his Fruit devour,
 And find a Means to fright away
 These rav'ous Fowls and Birds of Prey.

He'll see the *Herns* with thievish Bills,
 Robbing his Ponds, and catch his Eels,

And *Crows* and *Rooks* with empty *Guts*,
Destroy his *Wheat* and steal his *Oats*.

He'll see the *Kites* the *Grange* surround.
To try what *Plunder*'s to be found,
The *Redtails* and *Wood peckers* see,
Making deep Holes in ev'ry Tree.

He'll see as plain as he can wish,
Almost in ev'ry Tree and Bush,
Some pilf'ring *Bird* that only comes,
To steal his *Cherries* or his *Plumbs*.

He'll see the *Cootes* with addle *Pates*,
Who are of late made *Magistrates*,
And the *French Gulls* whom heretofore,
Our *Folly*, and their *Pride* brought o'er.

He'll see those *Beggars* strut about,
With *new* and *costly* *Plumes* set out,
And prattle too as bold and loud,
As if they were a native *Brood*.

Hedge sparrows and *Tom tits* he'll see,
Hopping about from *Tree* to *Tree*,
With all their scurvy, pilf'ring *Breed*,
From whence these *Gardens* once were free'd.

On t'other Hand, if he looks round,
No native Bird will here be found,
They're all with just *Resentment* gone,
To some more hospitable Dome.

The

The Linnet and the cheerful Lark,
Have mournfully forsook the Park.

And to some foreign Chace retir'd
Where they will sing and be admir'd.

That charming Thrush that us'd to sing,
His early Welcome to the Spring
Is forc'd to fly to 'scape the Claws
Of the Revengeful Rooks and Daws.

The Nightingals have left the Grove,
As hath the Pheasant and the Dove,
And are for Food and Shelter flown,
To Springs and Groves to them unknown.

The Swans, those Birds the Gods admire,
All from their Native Streams retire,
And all the Birds and Fowls of Use,
Intirely have forsook the House.

The Cocks that went to tread the Hens,
Are all constrain'd to leave their Pens,
Whilst an inferior mungrel Brood,
Strut in their Walks, and eat their Food.

Some of their Kind indeed remain,
But they are of a spurious Strain,
A false, malicious, lazy Race,
The Scorn and Scandal of the Place.

Whither the Robinredbreast stay,
Or whether he'll be forc'd away,

Time

*Time, and the State of Things must show,
For yet no Fowl nor Bird can know.*

Thus did the mournful *Raven* croak,
Till in his Turn the *Blackbird* spoke,
All you have said has o'er and o'er,
Been told unto our L O R D before.

At length he'll sure be pleas'd to hear,
What *Him* and *Us* concerns se near,
And by a wise and speedy *Change*,
Prevent the Ruin of the *Grange*.

He has been often told the *Kite*,
Was a rapacious Hypocrite,
A turbulent, malicious Creature,
And was his mortal Foe by Nature.

That holds *Cabals* in distant *Woods*.
And unfrequented *Solitudes*,
With *Owls* and *Bats*, at Midnight joyns,
To lay new *Schemes*, and form *Designs*.

Three *Governments* it has run down,
And had his Share in ev'ry One,
Been for and yet against 'em all,
And still rejoyc'd to see 'em fall.

By giving Aim from *Side to Side*,
He never fails to save his *Tide*,
Equally mixt with Love and Hate,
And at a Change ne'er comes too late.

I think there's few will say that he
Is overstock'd in *Policy*,
But having gain'd by chance a *Name*,
The Party trust him with their *Fame*.

And now h'as got our *Landlord's Ear*,
That Nothing's done without him here,
Altho' 'tis plain h'as rais'd his Honour
From the *Destruction of the Mannor*.

He has been likewise told, the *Owl*,
Was a must stubborn, head-strong *Fowl*,
And sullenly addicted still,
To his own Principle, his *Will*.

Not he one Moment will obey,
Longer than Things are done his Way,
Which makes the Party often doubt him,
And yet they cannot be without him.

There's Nothing but his *Interest*,
Can ease the Tortures of his Breast,
That only bind him to his *Party*,
And makes him to their Cause seem hearty.

But if your Landlord should displace him,
He'd be the first that wou'd disgrace him.
His Malice, Pride, and Want of Sence,
Would carry him to Violence.

Fools are most stubborn in their Way,
As Coyns are harden'd by th' Allay;

And

*And Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
As when'tis in a wrong Belief.*

He has been also told the *Jay*,
Is Nothing but a *Bird of Prey*,
A flatt'ring, empty, noisy *Thing*,
That only makes a *Shew* in *Spring*.

A *Bird* whose everlasting *Clack*,
Sets all *Birds* Ears upon the *Rack*,
Whose Volleys of eternal *Babble*,
Are only fit to please a *Rabble*.

He has been oft inform'd the *Pies*,
Are famous for their *Theft* and *Lies*,
And that the *Pie* that he employs,
His *Chickens* and his *Eggs* destroys.

That he and all his pilf'ring *Raco*,
Live on the *Plunder* of the Place,
And that where e'er the *Vermi* come,
They are a *Scandal* to the *Dome*.

He has been told the *Robt* and *Crow*,
Are working of his Overthrow,
And that the *Herrns* and *Bitterns* joyn,
With *King-fishers* in the *Design*.

Yet these, and only such as these,
Of their more vile *Accomplices*,
Have got the *Power* and sole *Command*,
And Nothing now can them withstand.

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These

These make and execute all Laws,
 Judge both the Judges and the Cause,
 Prescribe of Right and Wrong the Rules,
 And make us all their Slaves and Tools.

'Gainst them our Lord has no Defence,
 But an unguarded Innocence,
 They manage all Affairs of Weight,
 And have ingross'd his whole Estate.

These lay the Plans of War and Peace,
 And sway the Mannour as they please,
 Are Magistrates in ev'ry Town,
 And whom they please set up or down.

There is no Officer of State,
 But these, and only these create,
 These make, unmake, reverse, depose,
 And treat all others as their Foes.

They are the Guardians that increase,
 Or waste the Mannour as they please,
 And often use the Landlord ill,
 And this they will because they will.

Oh, says the *Raven*, honest Bird,
 You may rely upon my Word,
 If they are suffer'd to go on,
 Both We and They shall be undone.

Each Day produces new Portents,
 Denoting wonderful Events,

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And

And direful Omens ev'ry where,
Attend the Earth, the Sea and Air.

Preserve, ye Gods, the *Groves* and *Woods*,
The *Springs*, the *Rivers*, and the *Floods*,
And set this antient Mannour free,
From civil Broils and Mutiny.

At present I forbear to show
What Time will quickly let you know,
And if that my Fore-sight be true,
The Omen seems to point at you.

The World is nat'rally averse,
To all the *Truth* it sees or hears,
But swallows *Falshood* and a *Lye*,
With Greediness and Gluttony.

And you perhaps among the Rest,
May think that you're so well possest.
So firmly fixt, and so secure,
That you can any Storm endure.

But don't too far on this rely,
None loves the *Blackbird* more than I,
You'll surely find my Words prove true,
They'll try th' Experiment on you.

I daily round the *Mansion* fly,
And Things to you unseen, can 'spy,
To ev'ry Party I am known,
For *None* as yet do me disown.

You

You ev'ry Day obnoxious grow,
And ev'ry Day will more belo.
But still let this your Comfort be,
You'll be at Length from Danger free.

Your Friends are numberless and great,
And will not suffer your Defeat,
Do but your Duty, and sit still,
The Gods will guard you from all ill.

There is one Rule observ'd by few,
That to ourselves, ourselves be true,
Make this your Rule, and stand and fall
Together and you'll save us all.

This will your *Character* restore,
And make you greater than before,
And all the *Mannours* round about
Will think you *faithful, just and stout.*

Saith the good Bird, I now discern,
How all their Matters seem to turn,
The *Blackbirds* won't betray their Trust,
And therefore they must suffer first.

But let them not too fast pursue,
Ours and their own Destruction too,
When e'er the *Blackbirds* Tribe shall fall,
The Ruin must be general.

These *Threatnings* and this wild *Confusion*,
This fatal *Madness* and *Delusion*,

Por-

Portend some Dangers to be nigh,
Beyond all Signs and Prodigy.

This our good Lord has oft been told,
And yet his hand he will not hold,
They will not let him hear nor see,
His own or our Calamity.

You are a Bird of great Fore-sight,
And never fail to judge Things right,
And better far than I can tell,
If things are manag'd ill or well.

You hear how ev'ry petty Grange,
Is loudly clam'rинг for a Change,
And ten to one 'mong all the Fowls,
Abhor the Rooks, the Kites, the Owls.

Whither these fatal Murr'nings tend,
And where, and when, and how they'll end,
Are Secrets far too deep and high
For my poor humble Thoughts to fly.

If you that future Things can show,
Will be so kind to let me know,
I will apply my utmost Skill,
To disappoint th'approaching ill.

I know my Tribe with me will joyn,
In any good and just Design,
Then still perhaps our Pray'rs and Songs,
May calm our Fears, and ease our Wrongs.

How

How far, says he, we may presume,
To judge and censure Things to come,
At present shall not be the Case,
But what we dread must come to pass.

If after all that you can say,
And all your Tribe can sing and pray,
Our Landlord will not turn his Ear,
These are the Prospects that I fear.

Our fierce Contentions will not cease
Till they disturb the publick Peace,
The Fowls and Birds will scold and jar,
Till they promote a Civil War.

And if they should so far succeed,
To make this antient Mannour bleed,
You'd be the first would sadly feel,
The dire Effects of Party-zeal.

Then you would see, tho' much too late.
The Cause and Authors of your Fate,
And with the utmost Gnilt and Shame,
Yourselves for your Disasters blame.

Nor would your Sufferings attone,
For half the Mischiefs will be done,
But ev'ry Bird and Fowl must bear
In the Catastrophe a Share.

The Hedge-birds, and the common Fowl,
Would Birds of th' highest Birth controle,

And

And charge 'em with the black *Design*,
Of having chang'd the *Rightful Line*.

The *Canting Tribe* would scold and bawl,
Whilst *Birds of Prey* devour all,
Birds with long Bills and pointed Claws,
Would quite subvert and change the *Laws*.

And they'll be apt to tell you too,
You are the *Source* of all their Woe,
And further add, if you had try'd,
You might have stem'd, or turn'd the Tide.

The *Cocks* would with each other fight,
Some for the *Wrong*, and some the *Right*,
And some perhaps would fight to have
The Power all others to enslave.

Ruins and *Tumults* must ensue,
And Foreign Fowls invade us too,
With whom that Lord, who still *pretends*,
Will doubtless join to gain his Ends.

Out cries and Murders must engage,
Till Vengeance overtook the Age,
And our wild Factions worn to rest,
Retain us in our *rightful Landlord's Breast*.

To this the *Bird* with Grief replies,
Open, ye Gods, our *Landlord's Eyes*,
That he before'tis quite too late,
May view the Mannour's wretched State.

Too

Too well I see it can't be long,
 Before this wild amphibious *Throng*,
 Will on some dang'rous *Project* fall,
 That must in Course involve us all.

The furious *Clamours* that we hear,
 And dreadful Threatnings ev'ry where,
 In loud and dismal Strains foretel,
 That all things here shall not go well:

If we look forward, we shall see,
 Nothing but Clouds of Misery,
 If backward, to our View appears,
 The Ruin of a Thousand Years.

The wicked *Things* that have been done,
 And these more wicked carrying on,
 Both cry aloud and blame the Gods,
 For stopping their *revengeful Rods*.

F I N I S.



This way I go to see what he does,
What's the news about the world?
What's the news about the world?
This way I go to see what he does.

The previous year I spent we pass
And the day before I passed away
In such a lonely state together.
This way I go to see what he does.

If we could stay a day or two it would be

No place but Chorus of Miriam.

If we could stay a day or two it would be

The Rival of a Thousand Years.

The Mickey Mouse, that's what he does,

And there's more Mickey running on

Both in school and public life,

For I'm going to visit him again.

10 JULY 57

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